It Tastes Like Murder

Everything that we consume was alive. Sometimes it is still alive when eaten, wriggling in our teeth and down our throats. So it is, here in hell.

The couple I share this compartment with temporarily left an hour ago. They left their typical mess, as spoiled children do. Carelessly strewn dishes, pots, baking sheets. Food stuck to countertops, walls, oven range top between electric burners. Two full size trash cans overflowing.

As usual, I play the role of the adult, the parent. Cleaning the waste left by those unappreciative of the fact that their actions have consequences.

They return, many bags in hands. More bounty stolen from a Favor account in my name. Random items from mouths not ours. I did not steal them. To me, it is a blessing.

The apartment fills with the smell of a spiral cut honey glazed ham. A Christmas dinner. I am on the last episode of Midnight Mass. These events parallel.

Everyone I see is a human-shaped monster. Bloodthirsty. For years I have been telling everyone I can about the possible murder of Patricia Ann Roberts, my friend of forty years, by the white supremacist narcissistic abuser she was living with in Lake Orion,Michigan. About the systemic police and governmental corruption keeping Thomas Wayne Randle, a coward who steals the identities of her family members - some deceased - above the law.

No one cares. No one will even make a phone call. My efforts have reached over five million people. Or, five million person shaped animate objects.

So, this is Christmas.